

Strangest

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Summary: You find Daredevil injured outside your window, patch him up with mediocre medical skills, and let him play Love Doctor. Matt Murdock x Male Reader ; Daredevil x Male Reader

Strangest

So, the setting is: You work for Nelson & Murdock. You have a crush on Matt. But despite his superhuman senses, he has never noticed. What the fuck. Anyway Daredevil shows up on your balcony, you two banter, and then you fuck lmao

maybe i should write a prequel to clear shit up

kind of pwp. also on ao3 and wattpad (lol)

\* \* \*

><p>When people say "stranger things have happened", these are the stranger things they are talking about.<p>

This stranger â€" rather, for your boring life, \_strangest â€" thing is lugging a two hundred-something pound, leather-Kevlar-whatever clad, hornedman through your living room. From the body came a bunch of miscellaneous sounds of agony. From how lethargically the man was writhing on the floor, you guessed he was dizzy with pain. Or blood loss. You weren't a doctor.

You saw prints of blood as dark as Daredevil's suit leading from the window, which is where you dragged him from. Your first instinct was to leap for the phone, to call for an ambulance. But something told you it wouldn't be very smart to show up with a bleeding vigilante that was the bane of the police and crime lords alike. Not unless you wanted to be detained and questioned for weeks. Not to mention, it wasn't fair to Daredevil. He had a secret identity and he couldn't be

outed, not yet. He didn't ask for your shitty help.

But you couldn't just sacrifice him to the hands of fate! Or the perils of your balcony. Despite the consensus that the Devil was a loon because of what he did, you found it sweetâ€¦ heroic. He deserved better than to be left like to die like a dog.

You bit your lip and looked frantically from side to side, before landing on the first aid kit you kept handy across the room.

"Uhhhhâ€¦. Ummâ€¦ d-don't worry, I'll fix you up!"

Daredevil tried to get up, but he was much too sluggish and weak as you raised him into a chair and batted his protesting limbs away.

From behind the mask, Matt Murdock blinked up at you drearily. That familiar smellâ€¦ He recognized it. That was all you. Ahâ€¦ Now it was going to be okay, because you were here. That was all he needed before letting the world on fire fade to black.

You gave a satisfied huff, wiping imaginary sweat from your brow. Good news, Daredevil was nowhere near dying. Bad news, you felt embarrassed for your dramatics earlier. Removing the suit was super confusing but you managed it. Daredevil still had his pants on but his rippled torso was bare, besides bandages and gauze that covered him like patchwork.

Wounds disinfected and dressed. You were a miracle man.

You turned away from your patient and packed your medical supplies away. You whipped back around afterwards to see an obviously dazed vigilante staggering to his feet, swaying like he'd topple at any moment.

"Oh god, please stop." You ushered him back into the chair.

Daredevil shoved you back, maybe a little too roughly. Your back hit a table and you hissed, leaving Daredevil's body language looking strangely apologetic. You laughed it off, knowing he was just being careful.

"I'm not made of glass." Your back really did hurt though.

Daredevil's jaw tightened and his fingers tentatively touched his head.

In the awkward silence, you swallowed before eyes lighting up in realization.

"I didn't look under your mask! I promise."

You were going to insist that you ignored the temptations of his identity but he held a hand up. "I believe you." He gestured to his body. "Thank you."

"I-I'm no doctor. You should get them really checked outâ€¦"

"I've got to go."

You blocked his way, this time with steely eyes and a determination. "No, you need to \_rest\_."

Daredevil placed a hand on your shoulder, not intimidating but still firm. "It's not your place to worry about meâ€"

"But isn't it?!" you raised your voice. "As a guy who lives here, in this shitholeâ€|! Someone like youâ€|" You faltered. "Defending itâ€| it's, it's my place to worryâ€|" Your voice completely died out. You looked away bashfully.

Reading Daredevil's expression was impossible. The upper half of his face was blocked by his mask, and his lower half had his lips set in a straight thin line. But he seemed torn for some reason. Why he was indecisive was beyond you: you were just some random kid.

"At least," you offered, "stay the night."

Just slightly, the Devil's lip quirked upward. "Is this a come on?"

"Oh, shut up," you sneered, out of good comebacks.

"Are you going to make me?"

Your cheeks flushed with heat and glared, but your eyes held no venom. "Gosh, you're just like this one guy I talk to at work." You smiled in fond memory.

Daredevil walked across the room to the window, but with no intentions of escaping you could tell. "And what's he like?" His voice sounded weird all of a sudden. It was deep and throaty but now it held a twinge of â€| of something.

The remains of a smile on your face, you said, "I'd just bore you." You fiddled with the petals of a flower in a vase on your table.

Daredevil turned to you, but only halfway, making his profile silhouetted by moonlight. "If I'm staying the night, you might as well entertain me," Daredevil responded coyly.

You snorted. "You sound like a child." You kept quiet for a little while. The Devil of Hell's Kitchen didn't pressure you to speak. It was a comfortable silence.

You made your way to a couch on the far side of the room, a few feet's breadth from where the Devil stood, all his muscles highlighted by blue-white. You coughed a little. "This guy's name is Matt." Daredevil's head moved just the tiniest bit to show he was attentive. "He's \_such\_ an asshole," you mused, a beam not possible to fend from your face.

"So I'm an asshole?"

"Yes," you affirmed, curt. "And he's a playful asshole at that. Kind of like how I can tell you are. And I bet when you take off that mask

during the day, you're a huge flirt, just like he is. You two have that sameâ€¦ walk."

Daredevil's lips curved into a coquettish grin. "You're looking at the way I walk?"

You sighed and rested your chin in your hand. "My point exactly."

â€¦

"You don't seem too annoyed at the thought of this 'asshole.'"

"He'sâ€¦" you hid a growing smile behind your palm. You would not swoon like a teenaged girl, dammit. Not in front of \_Daredevil\_â€¦

"He's just so \_cool\_. Like he's so driven by his ethics â€" he's one of the two founders of his own practice and he insists he only takes innocent clients, and he's so into â€" gosh â€" like, working for the people. He can sometimes come off like he doesn't take anything serious but when it comes down to it, you can't depend on anyone better than him, you know? He's doing it for the sake of finding truth and justice, what lawyers were \_meant\_ to do." You inhaled deeply from your babble. Something ugly twisted inside of you at the images flitting through your head. Matt drinking coffee, Matt laughing, Matt with his glasses offâ€¦ \_Matt with Karen\_â€¦

â€¦

"You're swooning."

You were jolted out your thoughts and blew raspberry at the same figure that inspired fear in the heart of mob bosses. Daredevil coughed awkwardly.

"You think highly of him."

That same ugly thing from before wound itself into a needle and pierced a lung at the thoughts of your childhood. Ugh.

Choked, you continued, "H-Hâ€¦ Hell's Kitchen \_needs\_ a guy like him." You looked at him. "Hell's Kitchen needs a guy like you, too."

Daredevil stayed silent, almost irritatingly. Perhaps he wouldn't hear your jumpy breathing over the sound of his own voice.

Daredevil walked over to you, casting darkness over your body.

"Why don't you tell him?" You gritted your teeth, knowing what he meant.

"You're nuts. It'd ruin everything. Me and himâ€¦ we're friends. Everyone at the office â€" we're like \_this\_." You crossed your fingers. "If even one person's uncomfortable, it can â€" it would â€" it would just fuck everything up."

"What if he returns your feelings? What if he's just waiting for you? What if he felt this way in return for you?" Daredevil seemed like he was talking to himself at this point. It weirded you out. "Maybe he just never paid attention that you feel that way too."

You breathed. "He \_wouldn't\_ like me," you spat. "He's got a track record. Tons of exes. Of the female variety only."

"Why don't you trust he'll accept you? Even if not in that way."

"Why should I?" you croaked, broken, frustrated. Why was he pestering you? You looked up, helpless.

Daredevil was terribly close, you now realized. You could feel his breath tickle your forehead.

"You say he's so great." You snorted. "Well, you say me and him are alike. You trusted me not to hurt you. Give him the same chance."

You blushed. "Trust? More like it was adrenaline blocking out my common sense."

Daredevil gruffly put his hand on your shoulder, squeezing a little. "\_No\_," he stated, voice commanding. "You had no doubt about it." His authoritativeness sent a stirring in you.

His mask's beady eyes unnerved you; there was no lying underneath that gaze. The mask itself sought out only truth. You averted your eyes.

"It wouldn't make sense. The hero of Hell's Kitchen hurting a defenseless guy who obviously poses no threat. Out of character." You could feel your heart drumming in your ears. Why wouldn't he just leave you alone?

"Is that what you \_really\_ think?" Daredevil's question was lost in your skin, his lips trailing the crick of your neck. His stubble scratched against you, in a \_really\_ good way.

"Uh... No?" you breathed. Your voice was now a ghost. Daredevil's touch grew gentle and mesmerizing and left your skin buzzing. His hypnotic ministrations had you like putty in his hands "you were suddenly on your back, eyes glazed over, lips parted. Heat pooled downwards, as well as radiated from Daredevil's bandaged chest. You blinked in registration.

"Your wounds," you babbled.

"Not deep. You saw them."

You tried to raise yourself on your elbows as he pressed you down, brows furrowed. "You were so dizzy"

"Because of a bad fall. I'm better," he murmured into your lips, entrancing. You let him link the both of your mouths together in heated embrace. The very wet sounds that resulted seemed to egg Daredevil on. He grew more aggressive, now completely surrounding your body and rubbing his groin against yours. You gasped into the

kiss. You could feel your length pulsate, bursting at the seams with heat. \_Release, release, release\_.

You wiggled your sweatpants off your hips, cold air caressing a hot appendage. You hissed, glad.

Daredevil tightened his grip on you, growing more and more desperate to touch more of your skin. You slipped off your shirt as well. Daredevil took a nipple into his mouth promptly, worrying it with his tongue. Your back arched off the couch with a shattering mewl. In a daze of lust, all you registered were the undoing of fabric. Everything else was so blearyâ€¦ Daredevil was just as nude as you now, and he lifted you into his arms with startling ease. You were placed on your bed, in your room, the Devil right on top of you. You moaned like a cat in heat, feeling his \_hardness \_against your thigh.

"I want it," you gasped. "I want \_it\_."

He clearly didn't have to be told twice, trying to prepare you by probing his tongue against your asshole. You giggled at his haste.

"Lube. Bottom drawer."

Daredevil all but annihilated your nightstand by yanking the drawer out, fumbling with miscellaneous things. You blushed when he came across a dildo and smirked.

"I get lonely," you whined, writhing. "Like I am \_now\_."

A bottle in hand with the cap popped off, Daredevil flipped you on hands and knees, ass up. You heard wetness being spread before feeling cool, wet digits delved into you. You eagerly moved your ass back in rhythm to Daredevil's own thrusts. After long, gratuitous moments of preparation Daredevil removed his fingers. He put his hands on your waist, adjusting your entrance so that the head of his cock teased against your ass.

You felt him press forward and said, "Wait." He did just so, and you felt bad for stopping. By the way he throbbed, you could tell just how bad he wanted this.

You bit your lip, switching positions so that now you sat in his lap. "You don't even know my name," you teased.

Daredevil growled. "And you don't know mine." He put his hands back around your waist, tighter now because of your games. You didn't try to stop him from impaling you again, mostly because you were anxious, too.

"[Name]," you whispered. You felt Daredevil enter you, and you shuddered. "Say it."

"Oh, [Name]," he groaned. He brought your hips down on him and the both of you let out a lusty exclaim.

Daredevil was now sheathed all the way inside you. The both of you adjusted to each other, before picking up a pace. You blushed at the sound of your ass hitting his balls, skin slapping against

skin.

"More, faster!" you panted. Daredevil increased his vigor like an animal, making each pump deeper into your heat count.

Your brain was a clusterfuck of feral need (\_make me cum, I wanna cum!\_), logic and reason that hadn't gone from your senses (\_whatâ€"whyâ€"how, sex\_), and a blur of the body rocking against you (\_so hard, ugh, he's so hard\_). You tried and imagined that instead of a faceless man, it was Matt doing this to you. Matt was the one with his hands clawed into your skin. It was Matt leaving dark marks on your collarbone. It was Matt wrecking you and messing you up like this. Oh \_God\_, your dick was going to explode.

"\_\*\*Matt\*\*\_!" you screeched into the air, a blinding orgasm sending you into overdrive.

Daredevil made some sort of grunt akin to a beast, and roughly stole your lips. He hugged you close, mapping your mouth with his tongue, still giving your wracked body a few more pumps. Your cum on his stomach smothered a little onto you. He finally stopped, but didn't pull out. Instead, he collapsed on you, a glistening, hot wall of muscle. Somewhere between crushed and smothered, you reveled in the orgasm that left spots in your eyes and the satisfying fullness of Daredevil still in you.

You gulped, a little sorry for yelling another man's name in bed. You should apologize. Wait. Should you? He was very aware that you were fixated on Matt. And he took advantage of you. Not that you didn't want it. Nor did you stop it. God, it was amazing. But stillâ€"

Daredevil was out cold. Not worrying, not thinking. Just resting against you. You toyed with the dark brown hair that peeked out his helmet-mask thing. You yawned. Who cares about anything right now, you thought. You blinked away, losing yourself to the open arms of a good sleep.

\* \* \*

><p>review pls haha<p>

End  
file.